THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS' AND GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers. L. Write tainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.

L. Use pen and number the pages.

L. Saort and pointed articles win be given preference. Do not use over

Original stories or letters only will be used.

6. Write your name, age and addings plainly of the bottom of the Address all communications to Uncie Jed, Builetin Office.

"Whatever you sre—Be that! Whatever you say—Be true! Straightforwardly act, Be honest—in fact, Be nobody else but you."

An Unusual Chum.

Henry Blake's father sees ushing with him, And goes in the creek so's to teach him to swim; He taiks to mm just like they're awful

close chums And sometimes at night he helps Henry do sums;
And once he showed Henry how he reliews.

A basket by wmithing a peachstone, and take

The bark off of willows for whistles, aithough He haun't made one since a long time

Henry Bfake's father is just like his chum, And when he goes fishing he lets lien-He fixes two seats on the bank of the And sometimes he laughs in the ! lifest way
At some little thing that he hears Hen-And dips up a drink in his hat like When only just boys go a-fishing with

Henry Blake's father will take him Somewhere in the woods- for a half-holiday.

And wear his old clothes and bring

home a big sack Of hick'ries and walnuts to help Henry crack; And sit on a dead log somewhere in the shade To eat big sandwiches his mother has made;
And Henry Blake's father, he don't seem as though more than his than his uncle, he likes

Henry sol -J. W. Foley in Collier's.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT. Robert Krauss of Taftville: Many thanks for the book you sent me, en-titled Circus Boys Across the Conti-

I have read it through and think planting weather in March. Helen M. Reynolds of Eagleville: I received the jurize book, Dotty Dimple at Play. I had Dotty Dimple at Home, and was very glad to get another one of those books. Thank you very much for the book.

Alice M. Gorman of Versailles: I received the prize book entitled Prudy
Keeping House, which you sent me. I
have finished reading its I think it is
the 9th of June and the 14th of Sep-

very interesting, and thank you very much for it.

Adelle Demuth of Baltie: I thank received. I have inished reading you many times for the prize book I it is very interesting. Thanks

namy times. Ruth C. Brown of Willimantle: 1 think the prize book you gave me is very nice. Thank you for it.

E. Cordelia Smith of Packer: 1 re rerved the prize book you cent me and was very much pleased with it. I tnank you.

Carl Ploss of Taftville: I received Garl Ploas of Tativille: I received the pretty prize good entitled Black beauty which you sent me, and I thank you very much for it. I have read it infough and am very much pleased WITH IE.

Frank Pardy of Norwich: I thank you for the nice prize book you sent me. I have read part of it and I thin it very interesting

WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1-Thomas Haworth of Norwich, Two Ways of Becoming a Hunter. 2-Eva Sadinsky of Norwich, Our

4-Walter Archer of Leonard Bridge. With the Battle Fleet.

5-Jessie L. Brehaut of East Nor-wich, N. Y., Frank on a Gunboat. 6-Lucy Henshaw of Colchester, Camp in the Footnills.

7-George D. Palmer of Griswold.

8-Lena Bloom of Norwich, Child's Garden of Verses. Winners of books living in the city

may call at The Bulletin business office for them at any hour after 10 a. m. on Thursday.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-

someone say: "The winters are nothing now compared to what they were when was a boy!"

suppose there is a great variety I suppose there is a great variety of winters and it may be barely possible there never were two winters exactly alike in any part of the earth. Hints.

For the young people there are all sorts of games, one of the fortune-telling games requires envelopes to be hidden, although tied at the end of a Uncle Jed does not think the difference in the intensity of winters has much in them to warrant the opinion that the climate here in New England

is changing. The winters when Long Island sound was frozen over and teams crossed on the ice are so far apart that they are long talked about before they re-cur again. The same may be said of shirt sleeves weather in January, or

There are years when there is frost in every month, and these are quite common; but the year when plowing can be done in every month are far apart and uncommon.

New England has known such a thing as a snow squall in July and a thundershower in December.

ember in 1913 and the length of time from ice to ice that summer was only

I have squetimes thought the reaon men are inclined to the conviction but the winters when they were boys ere the worst ever for deep snows

because then they had little eyes and short legs—they couldn't see over a showbank so well or so readily wade through one.

Everybody seems to have a poor memory when it comes to climatic conditions or the state of the weather." It is quite common to hear folks say: "I never saw such a ony as this at the same time of year," and then somethe same time of year," and then someone will be found who can mention several such days within a few years.

We are especially fortunate here in the southern end of the Quinebaug vailey where usep snows are quite rare because we get a warm winter sun. In most of New England there is plenty of sleighing and suding every year.

I presume when you are grown up

you will have a memory of severe winters in your boyhood-so severe you

Invitations to a St. Valentine's Day party seem to be in the most correct form written on the backs of heartsnaped varentines; but who wants to be correct at the expense of being original, so any number or ingenious forms of invitations are devised by the

The only real requirement is that they be appropriate. The table decorations, too, are a matter of personal taste—pink hearts, gold Cupids and blue forget-me-nots can be used to get a Frenchy effect. A simple menu, dainty and wholesome, consists or chicken sandwiches (and other varieties if desired) cut hear shape with a cookie-cutter; delicious cocou with whipped cream; an apple and nut salad, sprinked over with red beet hearts cut with a vegetable-cutter, and a plain dressing with whipped cream stirred through it. Pink hearts of ice cream (molds) or ordinary brick to cream cut in slices and then each slice cut with a heart-shaped cookle-cutter, AWAKES.

I suppose many of you have heard

Cut with a heart-shaped cookie-cutter, and small cakes—heart-shaped if home made, or a big cake with a sugar Cupid on top. Small sugar Cupids come ready to be placed on the icing of small cakes. Gilt arrows and all sorts of table accessories quite appropriate can be had at reasonable prices—and don't forget the heart-shaped pepper-

> long string, and the other end of the string to contain an arrow. The arrow ends are all brought to one place and each lad and lassic selects one, and then the fun of "seeking their fortunes" begins. Often the threads of two become entangled in the chase, and the progress of th search has to be stopped till they are straightened out. The envelopes can be numbered and the progress of the search has to numbers on theirs can be partners in other games or go to supper together.
> For the "old" married folks a reminiscence party furnishes most fun. In this each Benedict could be asked to write a description of his wife's wed-It is but fair to say groans usually ac company the writing of such papers and laughter comes with the reading of them. Wives, too, may be called upon to contribute some interesting reminiscences to be treated in the same

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE AWAKES.

Why Beans Have Black Seams. Once upon a time a woman gather-ed some straw to make a fire. She made a fire on the hearth. Then she got some beans to cook. One of them dropped on the ground beside the coal. A straw had dropped on the ground be-fore. The coal said to the bean and The coal said to the bean and

Why are you here, my friends?" The bean and the straw said they had escaped for their lives.

The bean, the coal and the straw then thought of a good plan to escape. On the way they crossed a brook. The coal said to the straw:

"You go first."
So the straw went first, and when she got to the middle she fell in.

The coal went next and fell in. The bean laughed so hearthy that he burst. A man seeing him and taking pity

on him, sewed nim up.

The needle and thread he used was black, and that is why beans have black seams.

LUCY HENSHAW, Age 11. Colchester

A Kind Child.

Once there was a little girl who was coming home from school. She saw :
iittle boy looking in through her gate.
The little boy said "Helio!" and the
giri said "Helio!" The boy said: "You have a beautiful

The girl said: "Yes! Haven't you? The boy said: "No. My father is poor, and my mother is id.." The girl said: "Will you come and sit me some time?"
"Do you really mean it?" the boy

asked. "Yes," said the girl. So the little boy went home and told

his mother. Alter he had his dinner he went over and played with the girl. Now it hap-pened that it was the girl's birthday, so she invited him in and they had be cream, cake and candy for the party. DOROTHY FARRELL, Age 8.

The Maid and the Pail of Milk. Dolly, the mikmuid, was a good girl and very careful.

Her misuress gave her a patt of milk to pring to the doctor's house. With the pail on her head, she trip-

With the pail on her head, she tripped gayly along,
he doctor wanted the milk for a
junket. "I'll get a shilling for this
milk," she said, "and with it I'll ouy
twenty eggs and get a hen and set, the
chickens for one guinea; and I'll get a
pretty dress for it, and when I go to
market all the boys will come to meet
me. But I'll just toss my head, so!"
and her pail of milk fell to the ground.
She ran and told her mistress, who She ran and told her mistress, who

said:
"What a feelish girl you are!" So she never got her pretty dress. Don't count your chickens before they are hatched. ANNA MARIA WHELAN.

He Must Explain.

Little Marie was sitting on her grandpa's knee one day, and, after looking at him for a time, she said: "Grandpa, was you in the Ark? "Certainly not, my dear." "Then," said little Marie, "why wasn't you drowned."

FLORENCE HALL, Age 6,

The sleeper stirred and turned his thirty barrels of gunpowder for our

He struggled and resisted and floun-dered, and finally raised his eyelida-like a man lifting heavy weights. He saw Katherine smilling divinely beside

saw Kather his couch "Father!" "Father Father!" "What is it, daughter?" "Father, are you having a nice nap?" HEATRICE HALL, Age 10.

A Nice Heliday. "I had such a nice time yesterday." said Mary the day after the Fourth of July. "What did you do?" asked Anna.

Poor Mrs. Brown said it was lovely. winters in your boyhood—so severe you couldn't forget them. It has ever been thus in the lives of men.

JUST FOR THAT

VALENTINE PARTY.

Invitations to a St. Valentine's Day party seem to be in the most correct form written on the backs of heart-

MARY L. BROMLEY, Age 13. Stonington,

One of the Family.

Watch is a large black shepherd dog with white spots and kind, tender eyes. He is very fond of children and loves to play with them.

One day mother was busy in the kitchen and haby Violet who was playing in the yard, saw the open gate and ing in the yard, saw the open gate and ran through it into the barnyard. Watch, wagging his tall, followed her. Reaching the barn she could see the ducks swimming in the creek at the foot of the hill. Violet was always fond of ducks. She ran as tast as she could down the hill and into the water.

er. Her little foot caught on a snag and she plunged headiong into the water. He caught her clothes between his teeth and dragged her to the bank. Lapping the water from her face, he ran up the slope to the house. He stood whining and barking in front of the kitchen door and mother came to the door to see what was the reat. to the door to see what was the mat-ter. She gave him food, but he didn't touch it.

touch it.

A worried look came into mother's face and she noticed the dog's wet hair. She gianced about the yard, but did not see Violet. Watch kept whining and as mother stepped on the porch he seized hold of her dress and started towards the barn.

Mother followed, calling "Violet!" Reaching the barn she saw her baby all wet and muddy sitting on the bank. Watch had saved Violet's life, and now the good old dog is treated as one of the family.

INEZ MESSER, Age 10.

My Visit to An Aquarium. While I was on my vacation this ummer in Boston I went to an aquaium in Marine park.

The fishes were in glass cases which had fresh water running into them all the time.

One fish which we saw was called the flying turtle. It was a small turtle and had webs between its legs and it would swim with its wings which made it look as though it were fly-

We also saw the seals and walruses and the great big turtles. There were very many kinds of trout.

and the great big turtles. There were very many kinds of trout.

There were dogfish, sowfish, catfish and sea horses which I think must have been named after animals.

There was a little fish which was the color of sand and when it would see anyone coming it would bury itself in the sand and you would think nothing was there.

girls and ladies came into the store to buy Christmas toys.

I was considered very beautiful. Their eyes alighted on me with admiration.

"What a perfect beauty!" exclaimed a little girl.

"So lifelike, too!" said another, and so on until I felt tired of praise.

At last one elegant lady came up

sters with their mother.

It is very interesting to go through an aquarium and see the different kinds of fish.

CATHERINE M. MURPHY.

Norwich.

An Affectionate Pet.

A hedgehog does not look like a fast runner, and when caught usually rous itself up and refuses to run at all. But when it is free, and not atraid, it can

itself up and refuses to run at all. But when it is free, and not afraid, it can run as fast as its neighbors.

Perhaps it runs hardest when in a hurry to carry a store of food home. It has nothing in which to carry its food, but it is clever chough to roil upon such food as crabappies and to carry them home stuck on its spines.

A hedgehog was once kept in a house and it became an affectionate pet. It knew its mistress quite well and would go upstairs in the morning, climb up the curtain, rattle the hands. climb up the curtain, rattle the handle of her doir and make a whistling sound as a signal that it was time for her to get up to let Master Hedgehog

JESSIE L. BREHAUT. East Norwich, N. Y.

A Young Swiss Hero.

A few years ago the traveler through Switzerland might have seen a charm-Switzerland might have seen a charming little village, now, aias, no longer in existence. A fire broke out one day and in a few hours the quaint little frame houses were entirely destroyed. The poor pe sants ran around winging their hands and weeping over their lost homes and the bones of the burned cattle. One poor man was in greater troucie than his neighbors even. True, his home and cows were gone; but so also was his son, a bright bey of six or seven years.

He wept and refused to hear any words of comfort. He spent the night wandering sorrowfully among the ruins while his acquaintances had taken refuse in the heighboring villages.

Just as daylight came, however, he heard a well known sound and, looking up, he saw his favorite cow leading the herd, and coming directly after

them was his bright-eyed little boy.
"Oh, my son! my son!" he cried.
"Are you really alive!"
"Why, yes, tather! When I saw the fire I ran to it our cows away to the pasture land."
"You are a nero my boy!" the fa-

LYDIA KTAUSE, Age 10. Willimantic

Brother J. nathan.

The town of Lebanon, where I live, is one of the prettiest of New England villages. Midway up its winding streets is the green, or common, a familiar feature in every eld-time coun-

miliar feature in every eld-time country hamlet.

Not far from the head of this common stands an old mansion. The histry of this nouse is very interesting, for it is the birthplace of Jonathan Tamban, Washington's triend and governor of Connecticut from 1769 until 1783.

"Brother Jonathan," as Washington.

thirty barrels of gunpowder for our troops at the battle of Bunker Hill.

When Washinston was encamped at Morristown N. J., he wrote to brother Jonatsan, asking him what he could do for his soldiers. Trumbull promptly sent him two hundred barrels of hour, one hundred of perk and one nunared of beef.

Not far from Jonathan Trumbuil's home is a small gambret roofed building known as the war office. Wasnington, Greene, Lafayette and Snerman were there many times to consult trumbuil about the war.

The faithful governor died two years after the close of the war, and was said to rest in a little old cemetery in Lebanon.

WALTER ARCHER, Age 13. Leonard Bridge.

Washington Crossing the Delaware The picture brings to mind King Winter with his cold biting breath

Winter with his cold biting breath, freezing the water, and covering the ground with a white carpet of snow. It was such a night that Washington crossed the Delaware.

He (Washington) retreated across New Jersey, closely followed by the British, and his only wish was to encourage his men. In fact, not only they, but the whole country was discouraged, for the British had won every battle in the war against taxation without representation. Dec. 25, tion without representation. Dec. 25, 1776, Washington reached the Delaware, opposite Trenton, the place he wished to attack. He planned to cross the river with his army, horses and ammunition that night, while the Hessian soldlers were making merry on Christmas aver.

Christmas eve. Some Marblehead fishermen living in that vicinity rowed them across. They saarted while the stars were shining, but when they were half way over the snow began to fall, adding more to their difficulties, for the jour-

ney was a perilous one because of the ice, the small boats, the tired men, and the restless horses. At 4 s. m. they reached Mackonkey's Ferry, nine miles north of Trenton.

The march ahead of them would take them four hours, and a fierce storm of sleet and hall had to be marched through. The guns and ammunition were wet, so that they had to use their bayonets in fighting. Dec. 26 the attack was made.

26 the attack was made.

The battle was fought, and the Americans won, capturing 1,000 Hessians. The loss was a small one to the Americans. The result was that the American people were encouraged.

Emmanuel Leutze, the painter of the picture, was born in Germany, but lived and was educated in America. He was fond of history and adventure. was fond of history and adventure. Most of his paintings are connected with German, French and Spanish his-

tory. HELEN M. WHITTAKER, Age 15. Providence, R. I.

The Doll's Story.

About three weeks before Christmas a large case of dolls was sent out of New York to a large business store in Norwich. Among those in the case

Our journey was a long and wear-isome one, for we had to shout to make each other heard, the train made such a noise. Fortunately all such jour-neys come to an end at last, and it was a very thankful case of dolls that was finally carried into the Norwich was finally carried into the Norwich

A man came to meet us there and put us on a truck and carried us to our destination. We expected to be taken into a hotel to spend a week or so, but instead we were taken to the store where we were unpacked and put

on shelves.

Think of our disappointment to find ourselves there. Before long many girls and ladies came into the store

in the sand and you would think nothing was there.

We went to one case which had a lot of little alligators, in another case right beside them were some tiny lobitors with their mother.

I was now passed into the hands of the proud looking lady who looked me over from head to foot and at last

Why, she is a perfect beauty, isn't

she?" Yes, she is the prettiest of the stock."
"What do you ask for her?" queried

"What do you ask for her?" queried the lady.

The saleslady named the price and I was covered up, put into a box and wrapped in a paper. Then I felt myself being tied in. I suppose that was done so that I could not get out. I then went to sleep and don't remember anything that happened until I found myself on a beautiful Christmas tree. Oh, if you could only have seen Alice, when I was given to her. I don't believe I deserve to be praised as much as I am, do you?

EVA SADINSKY, Age 11.

My Summer Ride,

One day last summer 1 went in a touring car to Westerly. We started at half past one in the afternoon. It was a level road almost all the way. We saw many pretty flowers on our

way.

When he reached Westerly we stopped at Watch Hill and had dinner there. We had a fine breeze on our way back. We reached home at five o'clock sharp. I was too tired to go out playing with my friends, so I waited till supper. I felt much refreshed in the morning in the morning.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED. Mischievous Flossie.

Mischievous Flossie.

Dear Uncle Jed: My pet kitten is almost ten months old, and is a good size for her age. She was given to me last April for a present from my cousin. She is all white except two large black spots on her sides and a yellow one on her tall and head.

Every morning at half past seven she runs in my room and wakes me up for school. She would not let anyone feed her except me. Her name is Flossie, and I call her Floss for a short name.

short name.
Sometimes she is naughty, but I don't think she means to be for she is only think she means to be for she is only a little kitten.

One day I was knitting a hat for my doll. I left the wool on the table and as soon as I left the room Aliss Floas jumped on the table, bit the wool to pieces and tore it with her claws till it looked as if it had been cut and rolled in the mud.

I whipped her a little, but is seemed of no use.

I will write you sometime mere of her mischievous little tricks.
I think I shall give her a second name, for Flossie seems to be too lit-tle a name for such a mischievous kitten.

LENA BLOOM, Age 9.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

YOUNG WANTED ng. It makes the man of fifty look thirty-five. It always restores grey or faded hair to its natural color. It cleanses the scalp and eradicates dandruff.

found on the neck of the bird in place of the metal band, a fine gold circlet with these words engraved on

If you are not absolutely astis-

fled with Hay's Hair Health, your

For sale by all draggister 50c and \$4.00. For large sample bottle, send 10c and dealer's name to Philo Hay Specialism Co., Nevent, N. L.

dealer will refund your money.

desults are guaranteed.

"India sends the stork with a presto the Poles."
THOMAS HOWARTH, Age 11. ent Norwich.

Her Trip to New York.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to teil you of my trip to New York. It was Friday at 3.30 p. m. we started for the depot to take the train. At last we got thers. Our friends were all glad to see us. We had a lovely meal, then we went to Madison Square Garden and Central Park. We had candy and a lovely time.

When we came back to the house it was decorated all over.

In the next room I saw a big doll on the chair with black curls, slik

on the chair with black curls, silk dress, white slippers and stockings. She certainly looked beautiful. The table was decorated and a beautiful birthday cake was on it. We had candy, soda. chocolates, bananas and oranges. It was 5.30 when the children got out and thanked me and said they had a very nice time.

out and thanked me and said they had a very nice time.

Two weeks passed and it was time for me to go home. We said goodbye and thanked Auntie and started.

When we got home I told my friends what a good time I had. I showed them my doll and liked it very much. I certainly had a fine trip and was very happy when I came home.

GERTRUDE BLOOM, Age 10.

Norwich.

An Adventure. Dear Uncle Jed: I want to tell you about one of the adventures I had at

A little way from the schoolhouse there was some ice. One day about eight of us went to slide on it. We all took hold of hands and started to run. We had not taken five steps before the ice broke and we all went in the ice cold water. Three or four boys were standing on the bank, two of whom came to help us, and we all got out all right.

We all went to a nearby house where

We staid till afternoon, while news was sent to our homes, and we were taken nome. That ended the sport of that winter of silding on the les, and I have ver enjoyed sliding on the ice since. BEATRICE BURNHAM, Are 11.

Old Ironsides. Dear Uncle Jed: The Constitution, better known as Old Ironsides, was one of the strongest and most powerful vessels used against England during the war of 1812.

the war of 1812.

It did not get its name because it was built with iron, of which it was entirely void, but because it was so tough and strong.

Old ironsides, under the command of Captain Hull, met the British Guierre near the coast of Nova Scotia, where a hard fought battle took place, Aug. 12, 1812.

The British vessel was completely

The British vessel was completely overwheimed by the superior gunnery and handling of the American vessel. and after being struck several times sunk, and Captain Hull took his pris-oners to Faneiul hall, Philadelphia, where they had a great feast, and con-gress awarded a gold medal and \$50,000 in prize money to Captain Hull and his

An article in one of the London papers before the battle said "Old Ironsides was nothing but a bundle of pine boards," but they soon found their mistake.

In later years the Constitution was taken to North Carolina and there exercibling was taken from its deck erything was taken from its deck.

A beautiful poem was written about this historic old ship, which was, and is now, the pride of the American navy.

GEORGE D. PALMER, Age 14.

A Watchful Do-Dear Uncle Jed: Carl and his nurse always went out to take walks. One day Carl, his dog Nero and the nurse went to the ahore. When they got there the nurse stopped to talk to one of her friends.

Carl and his dog Nero went to the dock. When they got there Nera lay down with his back turned to Carl. Carl picked up some stones and threw one in, then another and another. He went to throw another in, and fell in himself. Nero heard the splash of the water. He got up and saw nobody. He jumped into the water and there he got Carl and brought him to his

She and Nero brought Carl home. Nero's master bought him a new col-lar and fed him well for saving Cari's life.

Central Village.

A Little Runaway. A Little Runaway.

Dear Uncle Jed: I have a little cat and he is always running away. Sometimes he climbs on the trees. I wish some children could see him. He is white with a gray spot on both sides. He is a nice little cat.

I find my letter in the Wide Awake circle when it is in The Bulletin. I read all the other letters, too, and they are very iterestins.

I read the books you give my sister alice and I like them very much.

There was a pond of ice and I had a good time on it yesterday. There were some other children on the ice. too.

too.

I have a sled with a picture of flowers on it, and I have fun sliding down hill.

We all have sleds except my state. Helen. My father will buy ner one

Veprailles,

THE CONE BIRD



ow it to do that, for it is meant for our use as a plaything.

This is the way to put the bird together; Cut out the portion marked A all around the outside. Cut out the white space marked B; this space will be for the insertion of the tail. Cut the sitt through the whole length of the straight, narrow white space near the face; this silt is for the insertion of the wings. Fold side C around over space D and paste, entirely covering the straight, narrow white space near the face; this silt is for the insertion of the wings. Fold side C around over space D and paste, entirely covering the white space. Cut out the wings, is and push the white space at the lower end of each wing as far as the lower end of each wing as far as the lower end of each wing as far as the white ends apart on the inside of the white ends apart on the inside of the lord the ends apart on the inside of the lord the tail piece, F. Curl time white ends apart on the inside of the large from the each wings and swish its tail the ends apart on the inside of the large from the each wing as far as the lord the space at the lord the white ends apart on the inside of the large from the edge of the supreme court, the tail piece, F. Curl time white end or space of this as shown in No. 2.

It is father, a ge 6.

Norwich.

Katherine's Curiosity.

Norwich 1783.

Bear Unle Samb

The cone-bir is a funny looking object, and as it moves across the cardboard it will flap its wings, as though trying to fly off into the air like an aeroplane. But we can not allow it to do that, for it is meant for our use as a plaything.

This is the way to put the bird together; Cut out the portion marked A all around the outside. Cut out the white space marked B; this space will be for the insertion of the tail. Cut the sitt through the whole length of the straight, narrow white space near the face; this silt is for the insertion of the wings. Fold site Commentation.

Then insert the curied end into open space, B. This does not need the space, a